

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, March 11, 1916. 2-10
GERMANS ADMIT THAT FRENCH STILL HOLD FORT VAUX

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916

One Halfpenny.

"ALONE I DID IT": MR. PEMBERTON BILLING SCORES A
1,031 MAJORITY OFF HIS OWN BAT.

P 1100 B

P 1100 B



Everyone wanted to shake hands. In circle, Captain Henderson.

Billing 4,590, Henderson 3,559, majority 1,031. When these figures were displayed before the waiting crowd at Hertford yesterday there was a great display of enthusiasm, as they meant that the airman candidate, who with amazing energy had carried out what was



Mr. Billing and his wife. She has worked indefatigably on her husband's behalf.



The scene at the declaration when the figures were exhibited.

practically a one-man campaign, had beaten the powerful organisation at the back of Captain Brodie Henderson, the Coalition nominee. Mr. Billing was a trifle hoarse after his vocal efforts, but his speech was loudly cheered.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WAITING IN QUEUE TO BUY COAL.

Purchasers by the Ton Glad to Get 2cwt.

CARDIFF'S "NO FIRE" DAY.

"Coalmen just now are the most independent persons in London," was the plaint of a housewife yesterday.

Seemingly the coalman's independence is a result of the snow and generally wintry weather of the past two weeks and the consequent difficulties of cartage and delivery.

These troubles have caused a temporary famine in coal, and merchants are unable to satisfy the full demands of even their regular customers.

A woman in the Malda Vale district, who customarily purchases a ton or half a ton of coal at a time, had to be content with only 2cwt. yesterday.

Her coal merchant stated that he had not enough to go round to his regular customers, and, even if he had, he could not guarantee delivery for two or three weeks, as carters were scarce.

He pointed out, too, that many householders had brought their trade upon themselves in allowing their stocks to become so low because of the expectancy of early spring weather.

In the poorer districts in South London, where coal is bought only in very small quantities—the stone and some of the house-owners of a whole street raid a coal cart whenever one appears just now.

EVADING PRICES ACT.

At one coal dealer's yesterday *The Daily Mirror* found some twenty-eight men, women and children waiting in a queue for their turn to be served with seven or four tons of coal.

One woman who always has her supplies delivered to her came to the depot in a taxicab and said her coalman had not called for three weeks. The Glasgow Corporation sent a deputation to London yesterday to solicit the support of the Board of Trade to enable coal supplies to be more freely delivered and prices for people in poor localities to be better regulated.

Mr. George Barnes, M.P., referred to the limitation of the Coal Prices Act, and said that it was difficult to prosecute in cases where the Act was being evaded, and he suggested that the Board of Trade should undertake the prosecution where necessary.

Replying, Mr. W. F. Marwood, second secretary of the Board of Trade, said that the question of supplies was a most difficult problem, owing to the demand for coal by munition factories and other essential industries.

He pointed out that men engaged in the distribution of coal were reserved, and when this became known the shortage of labour would be removed.

An extraordinary coal famine prevailed at Cardiff yesterday, hundreds of houses being without fires.

THE REVEALING TOUCH.

Striking Portrait of Mr. Lloyd George Shows Him as an Autocrat.

Mr. Augustus John's portrait of Mr. Lloyd George is now on view at the Chennil Gallery, Chelsea.

The portrait is unquestionably a work of genius. It is the picture of a man vigorous, resolute and alert; a man of force and resolution. Whether it is Mr. Lloyd George's conception of himself is uncertain. It is not long since Mr. George confided to Mr. Augustus John that his ideal of a picture was "His Majesty, the Baby." This portrait does not fall under that category.

The portrait was painted in eight hours. Mr. Lloyd George gave the artist three sittings. He was a restless subject, and, when not shaving, was answering telephone calls.

Sir James Murray has purchased the portrait for the Aberdeen Art Gallery. So, by a curious irony, the portrait of a Welshman painted by a Welshman will go to Scotland.

For the next few weeks the portrait will be exhibited at the Chennil Gallery every day, including Sundays.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

At Old-street Children's Court, yesterday, a small boy confessed to having broken open his mother's gas meter and stolen five shillings, and was sent to a reformatory home for a week.

Mr. Margolis, who presided for the gas company, said the boy had added insult to injury by spending half the stolen money in the purchase of an electric torch.

The remainder had gone in taking a friend to a music-hall and purchasing nuts, oranges, and cakes.

ARMY OF 4,000,000.

The Army Estimates which are to be discussed next week in the House of Commons were issued yesterday.

The number of men on the home and Colonial establishments, exclusive of those serving in India, is given as 4,000,000.

As in the case of the Navy Estimates, the Votes are given in four forms.

FIRST M.P. FOR THE AIR ELECTED.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, East Herts Victor, Says "England Is Awakening. That Is Why I Won."

The first M.P. for the air has been elected.

Mr. Noel Pemberton Billing, the Independent airman-candidate, was returned member of Parliament for the East Hertfordshire Division yesterday by a majority of 1,031.

The figures announced at the Hertford Town Hall shortly after half-past eleven were:

Mr. Pemberton Billing 4,590
Captain Henderson 3,559

Majority 1,031

This is an Independent gain. At the last election, in 1910, Sir John Rolleston, who returned by a Unionist majority of 1,368 over Mr. Pawle, the Liberal candidate.

In the previous elections Unionist majorities have been 1,692 and 80.

Thus Mr. Billing's poll was a high one, considering the circumstances, and was only 1,711 below the total of 1910.

The result was extremely popular and was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering by a huge crowd, which had assembled before the town hall.

RED RIBBONS ON CRUTCHES.

From the roof of a tall building opposite a party of wounded soldiers cheered the announcement of the poll. They wore Mr. Billing's red favours, and some of them had decorated their crutches with red ribbons.

Mr. Billing was naturally delighted at his victory.

One of the first persons to congratulate him was his wife, to whom a bouquet of red, white and blue flowers was presented.

Crowds pressed about the victorious candidate to shake him by the hand, and when he walked from the town hall back to his hotel he had to be escorted by policemen to save him from the vigorous congratulations of his delighted supporters.

"Thank you for all the work you have done," said Mr. Billing, "and I thank you from the

EXTRAVAGANT DRESSING.

Government Pleads with Women to Curtail Their Luxuries.

The National Organising Committee for War Savings has already drawn attention to the use of motor-cars for pleasure and to wasteful domestic establishments.

It now issues an appeal against extravagance in women's dress.

Many women have already recognised that elaboration and variety in dress is bad form in the present crisis, but there is still a large section of the community, both amongst the rich and among the less well-to-do, who appear to make little or no difference in their habits.

New clothes should only be bought when absolutely necessary, and these should be durable and suitable for all occasions.

Luxurious forms of, for example, hats, boots, shoes, stockings, gloves and veils should be avoided. It is essential not only that money should be saved, but that labour employed in the clothing trades should be set free.

TOTAL GERMAN LOSSES NOW 2,667,372

The Press Bureau announced yesterday that the following figures are reported in German official casualty lists during the month of February, 1916:—

Killed and died of wounds	7,301
Died of sickness	2,910
Prisoners	1,345
Missing	2,017
Severely wounded	5,917
Wounded	1,641
Slightly wounded	11,865
Wounded (remain with units)	2,992
Total	36,198

The aggregate of casualties at the beginning of the war now amount to 2,667,372, made up as follows:—

Killed and died of wounds, 625,936; died of sickness, 36,536; prisoners, 17,045; missing, 215,392; severely wounded, 364,063; wounded, 250,342; slightly wounded, 958,153; wounded (remain with units), 101,919.

NATIONAL QUARREL MORE IMPORTANT

"Can your mother live with her married daughter?" asked the chairman at the Hamersmith Tribunal of a man who sought exemption on the ground that he had to look after his mother.

"No," replied the applicant. "They are continuing to quarrel."

The Town Clerk: "We have an international quarrel on now, and private quarrels must sink into the background."

Exempted for three months.

Mr. Tennant stated in a written reply to a question, that no power was conferred by the Military Service Act to call up untested married men.

Read "Will the War Kill the Nut?" by George Grossmith, on page 5.

bottom of my heart for the result. I have only one thing to tell you. Now my labours are finished and my work commences."

Captain Henderson seconded the vote of thanks and expressed the hope that the new member would enjoy strength and good health to carry on his work.

Mr. Pemberton Billing was the defeated candidate in the recent Mile End election, which was won by Mr. Warwick Brooks.

He resigned from the air service after many months' service in order to enter Parliament to advocate a more vigorous air policy.

In an interview after yesterday's result was made known Mr. Billing said: "England is awakening, that is why I won."

The new member will take his seat in the House next Tuesday, and it is expected that in the course of the week he will find an opportunity on the Estimates of making his first speech on the subject of air policy upon which he fought the election.

Mr. Billing's victory has come as a great surprise to political circles, for the Coalition candidate, Captain Brodie Henderson, was considered a strong man. He was a local resident and had large local interests.

Before returning to town yesterday Mr. Billing made a tour of his constituency in his motor car accompanied by some twenty other cars containing his supporters.

PRACTICALLY SINGLE-HANDED.

Mr. Billing carried on his campaign practically single-handed. He had no array of speakers to support him, while Captain Henderson, on the other hand, had the help of some of the best-known speakers of the Coalition side.

Among others, the following well-known men went down to Hertfordshire to speak for Captain Henderson: Sir George Reid, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Sir Walter Gilbey, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Mr. Ian Malcolm, Mr. E. B. Barnard, Mr. A. Graveson, Mr. C. Fitzroy Dalrymple, Mr. J. D. B. Jones, Mr. W. H. Inskip, Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. J. H. Bottomley and Mr. J. M. Campbell.

SHADOW OF FAMINE.

Can the Germans Hold Out Until Their Next Harvest?

Germany is heading fast for famine.

The truth is out. The Kaiser's Hide-the-Truth Press has suddenly been exposed. Last summer's harvest was not a gigantic success.

On the contrary, as certain German organs now admit, it was a gigantic failure.

In to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* Mr. Francis Gribble, the famous author, who was in Germany all through last summer, relates the real facts about our enemy's food position.

His revelations are as startling as they are heartening. There is no avoiding the conclusion that the state of the German people will soon be pretty much what the state of the Belgians and the people would now be if it were for the help they get from American philanthropists.

To the same issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* Mr. Bottomley contributes a brilliant article on "The new War." There can be little doubt that, with starvation staring them in the face, the German Navy will come out—and fight.

Jelliffe will get his chance. He will be a vivid force in the way in which he will seize it read "H. B." on Trafalgar No. 2.

Another remarkable article comes from Miss Berta Ruck, who writes on the subject of "Conscription." Miss Berta Ruck thinks that women should be "conscripted" for work just as men have been "conscripted" for the Army.

WOUNDED BY TOY SOLDIER.

"It was a most deplorable accident, but such a thing might happen in any nursery with two nurses looking after the children," said Mr. Justice Baillie yesterday in an action brought by an infant, Wilfred

Childers, aged five, through his father, against the L.C.C. and the managers of the St. James's School. Noting him, to recover damages for personal injuries.

Mr. S. G. Turner, for the little boy, said that he was in the infants' department, and was playing with other boys with a toy soldier, part of the toy being a pointed lance.

The boy's right eye was injured and the eye had to be removed.

The Judge held that there was no case of negligence against the teacher to go to the jury, and entered judgment for the defendants.

NO FOREIGN PRESERVED FRUITS.

The proclamation signed at yesterday's Privy Council prohibiting the importation of canned, bottled, dried and preserved fruits, except curries, from other than the Colonies or Dominions, was published in last night's *Gazette*.

U.S.A. FORCE OF 5,000 FOR MEXICO.

Second Raid by Rebels Across American Border.

GRAND FLEET READY.

New York, March 10.—Mexican bandits have again crossed the American border east of El Paso, Texas, and raided ranches. There was no loss of life. General Funston has asked permission from Washington to invade Mexico.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—It is officially announced that an adequate United States force will be sent at once in pursuit of General Villa, with the object of effecting his capture.

This action will be taken with the friendly aid of the constituted authorities, and with respect to the sovereignty of Mexico.—Central News.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—American troops have been ordered to cross the Mexican border.

New York, March 10.—A telegram from Columbus, New Mexico, states that the losses sustained by the bandits of the party of General Villa, who raided the town yesterday morning and were subsequently driven out by American cavalry, were more than 100 killed and over 200 wounded.

The American casualties in troops and civilians were sixteen killed.

The American troops returned to the border yesterday evening after three running fights with the Mexicans.

It is stated that the United States troops penetrated a distance of five miles into Mexican territory.—Reuter.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT APOLOGISES.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The State Department has received from General Carranza an expression of regret for the Columbus outrage.

It is learned authoritatively that no move will be made by the United States Navy in the direction of Mexico at present.

The entire Pacific coast is, however, within two days' steaming of the Mexican coast, and is ready to sail instantly if the safety of foreigners in Mexico is endangered.

Mr. Baker, the new War Secretary, has called on the Army General Staff to perform their duty in the Mexican expedition, and General Funston, who captured Aguinaldo, the leader in the Philippine revolution, has been asked for his advice.

He is now at San Antonio, Texas, and will probably be appointed leader of the American forces, which are expected to number at least 5,000, taken from the Border Patrol.—Reuter.

HUN, SHORT FOR HONEY.

Mr. Justice Hordridge, in the Divorce Court yesterday, heard Mr. King's Proctor against a decree nisi being made absolute in the case of Mrs. Eva M. Black, who had accused her husband of misconduct.

Mr. Hawke, K.C., said Mrs. Black was an Australian, and in 1898 married Mr. Frank Austin at Perth, Western Australia. In 1905 she was divorced by him, the charge being misconduct with a man named Mingo. The proceedings showed that Mrs. Black and a Mr. W. P. Delaforte were constantly associating. Delaforte, it appeared, was once in the London police, and claimed to be a member of a branch of the Bourbon family. A fleur de lys diamond brooch given to Mrs. Black bore the Bourbon crest. Sometimes Delaforte called Mr. Black "Hun," which was short for "Honey."

SEVEN LONDON STATIONS CLOSED.

In his recent speech to the shareholders of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, Mr. Cosmo Bonser indicated that, owing to the continued shrinking of the staff, it would be necessary to close certain stations.

From April 1 Brixton Station will be closed to passenger traffic, while, so far as the company's trains are concerned, Battersea Park-road, Wandsworth-road, Clapham, Camberwell and Walworth roads will also be closed.

In addition Loughborough Junction will be closed for traffic to Victoria and intermediate stations.

WAR AS A MEDICINE.

Lord Bryce said yesterday at Birmingham University that although war had been found compatible with progress, there was nothing to show it had caused progress.

Prussia claimed to be an instance of success achieved by war chiefly, but it was still too soon to say whether this claim could be supported.

History would enable us to dismiss the theory of Treitschke, that war was a medicine which Providence sent for the human race.

A CORPS FOR NON-COMBATANTS.

An Army Order issued last night announces that the Army Council deem it expedient for the period of the present war to authorise the formation of a corps to be entitled "Non-Combatant Corps."

The rates of pay of the men in this corps shall be those laid down for infantry of the line, but they shall not be entitled to draw working pay or to draw proficiency pay, which is given for professional skill in arms.

GERMANS RETAKE PART OF CROWS' WOOD AFTER FURIOUS ASSAULTS

Foe's Attacks at Vaux and Douaumont Fail.

KUT RELIEF CHECK.

British Force Falls Back on Right Bank of Tigris.

OUR NAVAL LOSS.

CEASELESS VERDUN FIGHTING.

The fighting for Verdun continues with unabated fury, and last night's Paris bulletin announces that the Germans, after repeated assaults and by great sacrifice of men, have succeeded in retaking a part of the Crows' Wood.

Yesterday the Germans were compelled to admit that the French held a "firm foothold" in the Fort of Vaux—an admission that they had been falsifying facts in their communications.

GREAT BRITISH AIR RAID.

The latest enemy offensive against Verdun has taken the form of throwing mines in the River Meuse. These, however, were fished out before any damage was done.

Last night's British communiqué reports a successful raid by thirty-one aeroplanes on a hostile railroad and billets.

CHECK IN MESOPOTAMIA.

General Aylmer's operations in Mesopotamia, which brought him within seven miles of Kut, have met with a check.

Lack of water has compelled him to fall back on the river, but he was able to clear all his wounded.

EAST COAST MINES.

The Admiralty announced yesterday that both the torpedo-boat destroyer Coquette and torpedo-boat No. 11 have sunk as the result of striking mines on the east coast. The total casualties are four officers and forty-one men.

GERMANS THROW MINES IN THE RIVER MEUSE.

Gain at Crows' Wood Which Cost Foe Enormous Sacrifices.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 10.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

In Artois, the Germans to the west of the Lille road exploded a mine, the crater of which we occupied.

In the Argonne we shelled an enemy column marching in the direction of the Bois de Montfaucon.

To the west of the Meuse, where the bombardment was uninterrupted during the day, the enemy furiously assaulted our positions of the Crows' Wood.

Several attacks were repulsed in succession by our artillery, infantry and machine-gun fire, which caused great ravages in the enemy's ranks.

Notwithstanding losses utterly disproportionate to their objectives the Germans launched a final assault with effectives, amounting to at least a division.

ATTACK THAT FAILED.

They succeeded in again occupying that part of the Crows' Wood which we had retaken from them on March 8.

To the east of the Meuse the enemy twice attacked our trenches to the west of the village of Douaumont.

Stopped by our curtain fire and our machine-guns he was unable to approach our lines at any point.

An attack which was in preparation against the village of Vaux was held in check by the fire of our artillery and could not be carried out.

It is confirmed that the infantry attacks made by the Germans yesterday against the village and against our trenches at the foot of the ridge of the Vaux Fort cost them great sacrifices.

In the Woivre the enemy bombardment, which was vigorously countered by our batteries, was intense against Eix, Moulinville Villers, Sous Bougny and Bonzee.

The Germans threw into the Meuse at St. Mihiel floating mines, which were fished up before they were able to cause any damage.

In Lorraine we wrecked, by our destructive fire, the enemy organisations on the front Halvillotte-Remenil.—Reuter.

TWO BRITISH WARSHIPS SUNK BY MINE.

45 Casualties When Destroyer and Torpedo-boat Go Down.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Coquette (Lieutenant Vere Seymour, R.N.R., in command) and H.M. torpedo-boat No. 11 (Lieutenant John A. P. Legh, R.N.) have struck mines off the east coast and sunk.

The casualties were as follow:—

H.M.S. Coquette.—One officer and twenty-one men.

Torpedo-boat No. 11.—Three officers and twenty men.

The Coquette was already obsolete when she was built.



Mrs. LEGH.

Lieut. LEGH.

was broken out, having been launched at the Thornycroft yard at Chiswick in 1897.

Torpedo-boat No. 11 was launched at Messrs. Yarrow's Scotstoun yard in 1907.

GENERAL SMUTS PUSHING ON IN EAST AFRICA.

Operations Continued After Gaining of Three German Positions.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office made the following announcement yesterday:—

Information has been received from General Smuts that after the occupation of Chala yesterday General Van der Ventur's force pushed on to Taveta and found it partially evacuated by the enemy.

Some Germans, with a machine gun, surrendered to General Berenger. We now occupy Taveta.

Simultaneously with the forward movement of yesterday, General Tighe commenced a bombardment of and attack on Salaita position, which place we now occupy.

Operations continue.

BIG BRITISH RAID ON GERMAN RAILHEAD.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, March 10, 9.25 p.m.—Yesterday we carried out a successful aircraft attack against the hostile railroad and billets at Carbin († Carvin). It is believed that considerable damage was done.

Thirty-one machines took part in the raid, and all returned safely.

As a result of a fight in the air a hostile machine and one of our own machines were brought down near Tournai.

Last night the enemy made bombing attacks against two of our craters near the Hohenzoller Redoubt. Both attacks were repulsed.

Today there has been much artillery activity on both sides about Loos, the Hohenzoller Redoubt, and between Quinquie Rue and Fauquissart.

North of the latter place we damaged a hostile mine shaft by our artillery fire.

KUT RELIEF FORCE BACK ON THE TIGRIS.

Lack of Water Compels General Aylmer to Withdraw.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The War Office made the following announcement last night:—

General Sir Percy Lake reports that General Aylmer was operating on March 8 seven to eight miles from the Tigris on the right bank, and in consequence of lack of water has been obliged to fall back on the river after having evacuated all his wounded.

[General Aylmer's object is to relieve the British at Kut, where they have been besieged for nearly thirteen weeks. Advancing sixteen miles he reached the Es-Sinn position, about seven miles east of Kut on Monday. Now he has been compelled to fall back seven or eight miles.]

Rome, March 10.—Information has been received through a reliable private source at Petrograd to the effect that the Russian Army, which for some time past has been operating in Persia, has so far advanced in Mesopotamia as to be practically in sight of Bagdad.—Wireless Press.

GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON PORTUGAL.

How Our Ally Selected Right Moment for Annoying Huns.

Germany has a new enemy and the Allies a new ally—Portugal.

The text of the German Note to Portugal, says the Wireless Press (which has picked up the news sent through the German wireless stations) accuses the Portuguese of "a long series of breaches of neutrality" and refers to the seizure of German ships in Portuguese ports.

It concludes as follows:—

"The Imperial Government therefore feels that it is compelled by the conduct of the Portuguese Government to resort to the necessary



steps, and that from now henceforward the German Government considers itself to be in a state of war with the Portuguese Government."

The German declaration of war, says the Wireless Press, synchronises with the initiatory move of General Smuts's offensive.

It may therefore be fairly inferred that Portugal selected her moment for seizing the inter-German vessels and precipitated a crisis when the German forces in East Africa could not be concentrated against the Portuguese colony there.

Sir L. Carnegie, the British Minister at Lisbon, says Reuter, has telegraphed to the British Government that Germany declared war against Portugal on Thursday evening, and that the German Minister was handed his passports.



Nurses and soldiers dealing with fresh supplies which have just arrived at a station in France.

FOE CLAIM CAPTURE OF ABLAIN WOOD.

Fifteen German Aeroplanes Put to Flight by French.

RAID ON METZ.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 10.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In the Argonne the French artillery bombarded the German convoys reported on the Montfaucon-Avaumont road.

East and west of the Meuse the situation underwent no change during the night. The Germans attempted no infantry attack against the French positions.

The artillery bombardment continued on either side on the French front as a whole. It was violent on both banks of the Meuse and intermittent in the Woivre.

In Alsace the French batteries wrecked the German trenches on Hill 425 (east of Thann).

On March 8 our aircraft displayed particular activity. Numerous actions were fought by our machines mostly over the enemy's lines.

During these aerial encounters fifteen German aeroplanes were put to flight.

Ten were seen to plunge vertically into their own lines, and according to definite information, two German machines, one of which was a Fokker, were brought down in Champagne, and three in the region of Verdun.

These machines fell into the German zone.—Reuter.

TROOP TRAIN DESTROYED.

PARIS, March 10.—An official communiqué says that, contrary to German assertions, the aerial bombardment of Metz effected from French aeroplanes is understood to have been productive of good military results.

A munition train and a troop train are stated to have been destroyed.—Central News.

GERMANS ADMIT FRENCH HOLD VAUX FORT.

Foe Claim to Have Taken 687 Prisoners at Crows' Wood and Bethincourt.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 10.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of the War.—On the eastern bank of the Meuse during the clearing of the Bois des Corbeaux (Crows' Wood) and the enemy trenches at Bethincourt we took 35 officers and 681 men prisoners, and captured eleven cannon.

The wood of Ablain and the ridge to the west of Douaumont were taken from the enemy after stubborn fighting.

In the Woivre Plain we also pushed our line forward through the wood sector to the south-east of Damloup.

The French delivered strong counter-attacks against our new front to the east and south of the village of Vaux, as well as in the neighbourhood of the fort.

In the course of these attacks the French succeeded in again obtaining a firm foothold in the armoured fort itself. Otherwise the attacks were repulsed with heavy losses.

Our battle-planes shot down two English aeroplanes—namely, one monoplane near Wytschaete (to the south of Ypres) and one biplane to the north-east of La Bassée. The occupant of the first machine is dead.

BERLIN ON SKY BATTLES IN THE WEST.

"Twenty-One Allied Air Losses in February, Only Six German."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, March 10.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

In the month of February the activity of our air units as regards attacks and the number of their far-reaching reconnoitring and nocturnal squadron expeditions behind the enemy front were considerably greater than ever before.

The following schedule not only again proves our superiority, but also refutes the assertion, so beloved by our opponents, that our losses in aerial warfare are so small because our aeroplanes do not dare to fly over the enemy lines.

The German losses on the western front during the month of February amount to—

None in aerial battles; none by being shot from the ground; six missing; total six.

The French and English have lost—

Thirteen in aerial battles; five by being shot from the earth; three by forced landings without lines; total twenty-one.

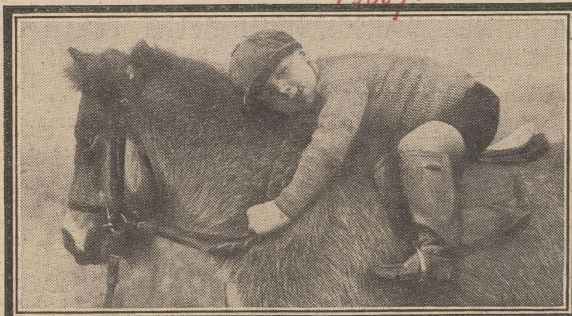
With regard to this, it must be observed that we have based our figures only on the machines which have fallen into our hands or which have been observed to fall down.—Wireless Press.

WHOSE LITTLE BOY?



Found in the trenches by a soldier who is now home on sick leave.

BEGINNING IN GOOD TIME.



Tom Walls, jun., aged three and a half, who is being trained by his father as a jockey. Mr. Walls, whose quarters are at Epsom, is appearing in "Follow the Crowd" at the Empire.

ESCAPED BOMB



Miss Norma Scott, the cinema actress, who had a narrow escape from a bomb during a daylight air raid on the coast.—(Hoppé.)

A POILU'S DAUGHTER.



Little Odette Goimbault, who is playing the mandoline and reciting at various London hospitals. Her father is a French soldier now fighting.

SHEPHERD WHO IS NOW A SOLDIER.



A Sussex farmer and his shepherd with four of the new arrivals. The lambing season is now at its height.

THE ARAB WOMEN GREATLY ADMIRE THE BRITISH SOLDIER.



The photograph was taken at Cairo, where the women always line the roads when the soldiers go marching by.

Shorthand in 9 Days!

FIRST LESSON FREE.

At the 1907 Business Exhibition, Olympia, a novice, having no previous knowledge of any system of shorthand, was selected by "The Daily Mirror" for tuition in Script Shorthand during the nine days over which the Exhibition extended. Tested at a public examination held on the closing day, under the supervision of officials of the London Chamber of Commerce, this nine-days' shorthand writer passed all tests up to 90 words a minute, failing only at 100 per minute.

Script Shorthand, the simple system invented by Mr. T. Stratford Malone, has only 31 rules, not hundreds. It is written in the slope of ordinary handwriting, not backwards, forwards, and perpendicularly as in the old-style systems.

SCHOOLGIRL'S 180 WORDS A MINUTE.

Mabel R. Callister, a 15-year-old schoolgirl of Melbourne, Australia, carried off a Gold Medal and Diploma at the 1912 examinations held by Stott's Business College in that city with a Script speed of 180 words a minute.

A testimonial from The International Correspondence Schools, Kingsway, W.C.: "The Script system has proved itself far ahead of all other methods. It is by far the easiest to learn and by far the most rapid in use."

AN 85-YEAR-OLD STUDENT.

Nobody is too old to learn Script Shorthand, and of Mr. Dutton's many students one is a Leeds business man 85 years of age! He is making excellent progress, and declares the system to be "very easy." Another interesting student is a member of the House of Lords serving in France.

With the calling up of business men all over the country it behoves every lady reader of "The Daily Mirror" to do her bit in helping to carry on the business of the country.

A first lesson in Script will be posted free to every "Daily Mirror" reader sending stamped addressed envelope before Saturday next to R. J. M. Dutton, Reporter, Skegness.—(Advt.)



Rough and Chapped Hands

so troublesome just now, especially to ladies engaged in munition work, or work about the house, are easily avoided by using

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

a Fragrant Toilet Milk neither sticky nor greasy.

It effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water. Apply a little every time the hands are washed and it will keep them in perfect condition.

From all Chemists and Stores in Bottles 1/6.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT (Boxes 1/6).

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, Eng.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

THAT OLD CONTRAST.

MOST of us know well the contrast between the extravagance of the rich and the forced economy of the poor: it comes, in pathetic illustration, as a rule, from American novelists, who show us the rich woman providing her dead Pekinese with a gold coffin, while, at the street corner, eight or nine human babies perish from want of the proverbial crust.

Awful picture! Strafe that rich woman! For we all suppose that had she given the money spent on that gold coffin to the family at the corner of the street the family would wisely and frugally have spent it in warm clothes, good food, and fuel for the winter.

But, see, suddenly, a world war!—bringing not (as was anticipated) bitter poverty to the masses, but an artificial wave of prosperity that induces many of them to dread the "peace that may be upon them any moment." Money for more than crusts! Money for jam with butter on the bread! Now they will have good clothes for a time, as well as the food and the fuel. And they will have something to put by—even to invest—like the rich.

What do we find immediately? We find that there's an enormous demand for cheap jewellery amongst the formerly indigent. "Mere trash," says one authority, quoting the large sums so expended since the war began. Cheap jewellery, befeathered hats, pianos and other noise-producing instruments, "the pictures," the music-halls and bicycles—sometimes motor-bicycles—such are the ways in which that long-deserved but long-denied surplus is being spent. That old friend of ours, the tattered family at the corner, is clothed all over with false pearls as plentiful as buttons on an old-fashioned coster's coat.

Now you think that we are "attacking the poor"—all criticism, however mild, gets called an "attack," in nervous sensitive times. But we are not attacking them. We have the benignant psychological, or sociological, aim of pointing out that, in matters of spending, poor and rich resemble one another. No class can preach to another about it. No contrast in morals or sentiment exists, whatever forced contrast there may be, at ordinary times, in finance. The poor are as the rich—wanting luxuries, superfluities, sillinesses just as much as the necessary useful things. And, when they get the chance, they very humanly buy, not only the crust or the cake, but also the piano and the pearls.

Pure virtue in frugal spending is confined to no class! We have learnt that, at least, since a world-catastrophe gave the family at the corner of the street a chance of satisfying its fancies in din and personal adornment.

W. M.

SONG.

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote
Fancying that that harmed me:
Yet when this thought doth come
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter.
When thy rich rift is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee.
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

—FROM AN ELIZABETHAN SONG BOOK.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is not island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.—Bacon.

WILL THE WAR KILL THE "NUT"?

MEN'S CLOTHES AND MANNERS IN THE FUTURE.

By GEORGE GROSSMITH.

EXCELLENT as shabbiness may be now as an emergency measure, I do not think that the advice to wear old clothes for the sake of economy will have the effect of lessening men's regard for clothes once the war is over.

It is a great truth that one cannot put one's best foot forward in down-at-heel shoes. The right clothes, correctly worn, cause one to have self-respect—the first step to gaining the respect of others. Clothes help those that help themselves!

The "Nut," too, has proved himself a Man since August, 1914, but he is still a "Nut," although in khaki, and just as soon as he changes his uniform for what he has now learnt

the steel helmets worn by Cromwell's men, and lately revived in the British and French Armies at the front.

Before the war some of us deplored the lack of the picturesque in men's attire, and noted with misgivings the decline of many pleasing little affections in dress and in manners. The majority were prejudiced against the picturesque or artistic in men's appearance, and intolerant of any pose—except the pose of being natural and as dull as your neighbour!

Now, after the war, this prejudice may be stronger owing to the fact that people may be more seriously inclined.

A CHANCE FROM DULLNESS?

On the other hand, a violent reaction may set in, in which case it will once again be possible to tell from outward appearances and manners, a bank clerk from a poet. If this proves to be the case the "Nut" will have tremendous opportunities; his sartorial scope will be almost limitless.

Mention of the fact that all men have, almost since the days of Whistler, dressed and behaved alike, whether they have been musicians or

LENT AND WAR.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO WHAT TO GIVE UP FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

TWO MEALS.

MUCH less eating would benefit most people! Since the war announced itself as a long war, I have managed with ease and comfort on two meals a day—breakfast and supper.

Lunch is a superfluity. We can easily do without it.

Silverdale road, Eastbourne.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

EVERY sort of self-denial is suggested nowadays—from discharging servants (thus vicariously, by the servant's sufferings, gaining "grace") to not eating food with the help of the cruet-stand.

The most obvious self-denial, which also would be an economy and benefit to health, is entirely overlooked or rejected with scorn. That is abstinence from alcohol and tobacco.

A NON-FASTER.

NO SALT.

I ENTIRELY endorse what "Russian" says about the waste and folly in taking whole cart-loads of valuable salt (as I have myself seen it done during the last few days) and worse than wasting it by throwing it on the snow in the streets. The result is a freezing mixture which soaks into the feet of foot passengers, giving them chills and, in the case of aged persons, often fatal illnesses. Also it ruins the horses' feet and does not an atom of good.

On the other hand, the authorities are so economical, when there is a frost without snow, that they will not have sand (which costs much less than salt) thrown on the road.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN.

LESS MATERIAL.

WITH the national call for economy—even the schoolchildren being asked to save their peace—is it not nauseating (I use the word advisedly) to read of women's skirts being made twenty yards round and trimmed with folds on folds of material?

Surely this year every woman of good taste and right feeling will see that her dress uses as little material and as little labour as possible.

LAURA LOUGHBOROUGH.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 10.—Few flowers make such a fine show in the autumn garden as do the large-flowered gladioli. The corns can be planted this month, and at intervals until the end of April for succession.

Plant them in deeply dug soil and a sunny situation, setting them about 9 in. apart and 4 in. deep. Surround the corns with a little sand or wood ashes.

The handsome vermilion-scarlet gladiolus is brechevenensis. The gandavensis varieties are splendid in colouring, and there are dozens of other lovely varieties.

E. F. T.

THE PRODIGAL SON OF TO-DAY.



The war has practically done away with him, or at any rate made him much easier to deal with.—(By Mr. W. K. Haseldine.)

to call his "civies" he will again be beautifully dressed.

The war will not kill the "Nut," but it is possible that, after his bout with Stern Realities, he will be a soberer "Nut." Never again, I think (and hope), will our eyes ache at the sight of our young men wearing (at the same moment) purple socks, bright blue neckties, pink striped collars, fawn-spotted handkerchiefs, yellow gloves, brown shoes and green, befeathered velvet hats!

It is possible, of course, that the war may cause some lasting change in men's attire. Soldiers have set fashions ere this, and now that almost every man is a soldier, it seems probable that the war will have an influence on our clothes. Let us trust that it will be an artistic influence. The frock coat—our departing ceremonial emblem of solidity and respectability!—is a descendant of the old-time "wafenrok," or long riding cloak, slit at the back; the Norfolk jacket can claim as ancestor the chain-mail hauberk, fastened round the waist with the sword belt; and the peaked cap of the golfer, motorist and small boy is a modern edition of

merchants, reminds me of the following anecdote.

At a social gathering a few years ago, a friend of mine overheard some words which interested him. I protest that dandyism, or "nuttiness," is but the outward expression of a man's self-respect; an effort—most likely unconscious—to add to the polish of mankind.

The other day I heard a man abusing tailors, society, his profession, and the world in general, because he could not dress in the thoughtless, slap-dash style that he wished, and be, as he put it, "utterly unconscious and regardless of clothes." I have no hesitation in saying that if that man called at my house I should hide the spoons!

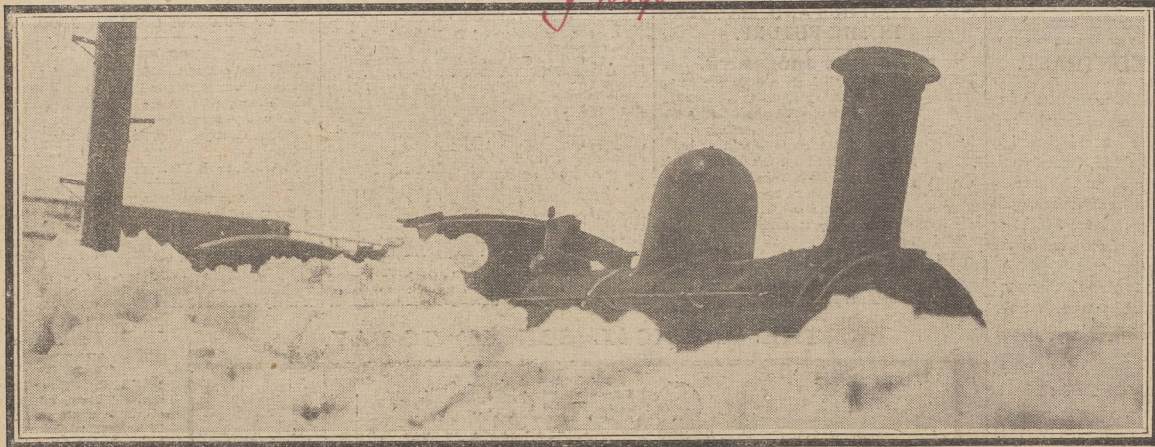
Quite seriously, I think that it would be a

great pity if one of the after-effects of the great war proved to be an even more rigid manner of dress and a further decline in the charming little affections and poses which add to our interest. Why are scrupulously natural, blunt and sincere people so often such horrible bores? Because, I think, one has fathomed the natural man or woman in an hour, whereas there is no end to the interest of a becoming pose. Natural people usually talk about the weather; so-called "affected" people converse!

The "Nut" must stay with us, for he is a pleasing tonic and good to look upon. Further, may one not hope for a revival of the picturesque? Must our authors, actors, poets, musicians, painters and others continue, after the war, to hide their artistic natures under the drab of a common-place exterior? Compare portraits of Tennyson, Byron and R. L. Stevenson, for instance, with, say, those of Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells and Sir Edwynd Aynsley. The contrast is very striking, and should make one realise how dull it is that our actors, poets, painters, and musicians should look just like City business men.

BURIED TRAIN DUG OUT OF A DEEP SNOWDRIFT.

CASCAD



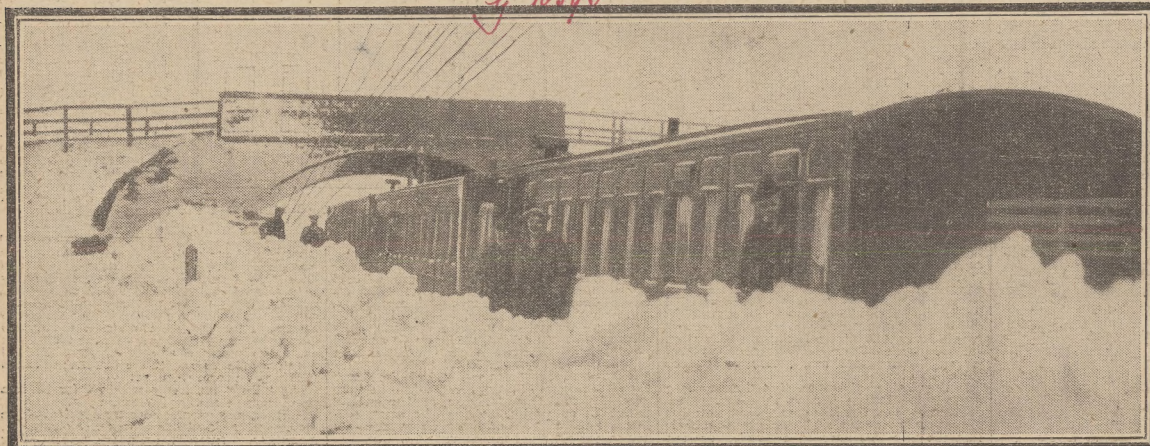
The engine unable to move another inch. The photograph gives an idea of the depth of the drifts.



"We're off again at last."



Digging out the buried train.



The passengers take their places after the rescue. A start was made soon after.

Tremendous snowfalls have been experienced in the Peak of Derbyshire, and an extraordinary incident occurred on the Buxton-Ashbourne line when a train was completely buried. It had to be abandoned, and it was

only after strenuous labour that gangs of men released the engine and coaches. The journey was then proceeded with, though after a much longer stop than is allowed for on the time-table. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)

Afternoon dress in m
showing cascade dra
self-coloured em

PUBLIC



M. Albert Thomas,
funeral of those

DRAPERY.



pe meteor with full skirt
The waist is trimmed with
y of Georgette crepe.

HOW WAR IS BEING BROUGHT HOME TO LONDON.

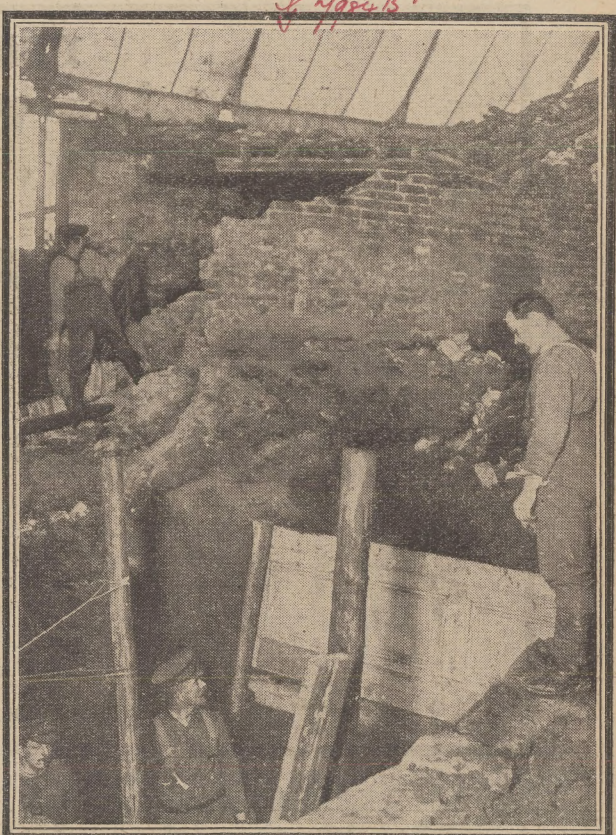


These men have made trenches at the battle front.



A representation of a shell-battered house.

Fifty Grenadier Guardsmen have nearly completed the trenches and dug-outs which are to form a leading feature of the Active Service Exhibition, which the Princess Royal will open at Knightsbridge Hall in aid of the



Deep trench and building damaged by artillery fire.

British Red Cross Society. The trenches are the real thing, full-sized and excavated in the solid earth, and will give a vivid idea of the conditions under which the soldiers fight.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CAPTAIN'S FIGHT.



Captain Pickthorn, who died on the bridge of his steamer, Clearway. He brought her into port after fighting gales for five days.

KING'S STAMP FOR RED CROSS.



This 9d. Plate 5. ST.
Britain stamp was
taken from my collec-
tion and given to
the National Philatelic
War Funds Auction
in September, 1915.
George R. J.

The stamp which the King has given for the auction in aid of the Red Cross. His Majesty has one of the finest collections in the country.

WHERE THERE WAS "STRAFING."



Germans standing in a hole in the ground which was caused by the explosion of a British shell on the west coast of Belgium. Several of them are marines.

IBUTE TO EXPLOSION VICTIMS.



rench Minister for Munitions, delivering an oration at the
in the explosion at the grenade factory near St. Denis.

PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(Medium Strength)

Pure Virginia Tobacco.



Players
at the
Front.

For wounded British Soldiers and
Sailors in Military Hospitals at
home and for the Front at Duty
Free Prices.

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P.566

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more seeds than actually required is
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Every time you
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& Navy, Whiteleys,
and High-class
Grocers every-
where.



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl, who has and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNN, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. As is usual, being a pretty girl, she comes in for a good deal of critical inspection.

There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting. Rosalie flatters herself that she can arrest the gaze of any young man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows. But this time it is not successful. He only smiles.

He is about twenty-eight and good-looking. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie deliberately looks forward.

"I am tremendously sorry to trouble you," she says with a certain ominous directness, "but do I know you?"

The young man laughs. He tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve, the vicar's wife at Northbury Park. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and when she tells her that he, too, lives in Northbury Park, Rosalie is frankly glad to hear it, as since her marriage she has lost sight of a lot of her old friends. She arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of himself as a clergyman and a popular and a fine figure of a man, and is certain for his promotion. But his ignorance of the secular world is abysmal, and Rosalie, who loves him genuinely and wholeheartedly.

When he hears his wife mention the name of Alan Wynne he feels agitated. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities and by his artistic parties in his studio.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve does not say anything more. Rosalie tells him that she is dining with the artist friends. He has not got over the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Wynne. He is very annoyed, but gives way.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes no reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Rosalie is driven to defend Wynne.

"You have been telling a very sudden attachment to this fellow," in his anger Hugh does not attempt to conceal his sneer. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie.

"Hugh, what's the matter with you?" cries Rosalie.

"Simply this. I am not going to choose between your loyalty to him and your loyalty to me. You mustn't see him again, and in earnest, Rosalie."

Finally he tells her that she must choose between them.

The little quarrel is afterwards patched up, and Rosalie says that she will not see Wynne again. But one day he calls on her, and Hugh Grieve finds them together. Wynne is very flippant, and Grieve treats him with contempt.

He does not mention his name again until one day Rosalie says that it is inevitable to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to, as he cannot afford it. But later Rosalie finds on his dressing-table a note called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to go.

THE WASTREL.

THE dangers of delay are most pronounced in the making of a reconciliation. Each moment that passes makes reconciliation more difficult. Hugh wanted to go to Rosalie right away, to use all the persuasive art at his command to effect a reunion. At first he delayed, fearing a rebuff. And then with the delay came a sense of injured innocence.

He had done everything in his power, he argued, to make Rosalie happy. And not one of his efforts had succeeded. He regarded the vicarage as a prison, her days as a cycle of monotony. He felt that he had a genuine grievance.

In their quarrel there was nothing that was not commonplace. The man and woman who take each other for better or worse have usually to weather such a storm before many months have passed. A little skilful piloting, considerable sense of humour, and a dash of self-bumiliation are all that are needed to weather the storm and find calm water again. But in their inexperience both Hugh and Rosalie believed that the heavens had fallen, that words spoken in anger were revelations of hidden truth, that things would never be the same again.

When Hugh had brooded in his study for some time, unable to work, unable to think coherently, the telephone bell rang again. He went to the instrument.

"Hullo. . . Hullo! Oh, yes. Yes, of course, I recognise the voice! I was just writing to you. What is it now?" He spoke sharply and then listened.

"I can't," he went on after a pause. "It's quite unreasonable of you to ask me. Besides, I'm going to Norwich to-morrow morning. To Norwich. About what time that?"

He listened again, making exclamations of annoyance from time to time.

"Look here, this is intolerable," he burst out at length. "You've reached the limit of

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

my patience. But I'll see you this afternoon. At six o'clock. Six o'clock at that teahouse where we met before. No, I can think of no where else. But why can't I tell me now. . . All right. I'll be there. But remember, not again!"

He hung up the receiver with a crash. He looked at his watch. His annoyance increased. To keep the appointment he would have to start off at once. It was intolerable. . . intolerable! He wanted to see Rosalie first. He could not bear to leave the house without assuring himself that they were friends again.

He searched in several rooms for a key, and then he inquired of the maid where she was.

"The mistress has gone out, sir," he was told. Rosalie had gone out! Gone out with the quarrel at its height, and without making any attempt at reconciliation. Hugh's sense of injury deepened. Everything was going wrong. He could see nothing ahead but the black curtain of domestic discord.

He put on his hat and coat and left the house, slamming the door after him.

Half-way to town he left the omnibus and, looking about him, found a teahouse, which he entered. It was almost empty. A man in a distant corner rose and beckoned. Hugh approached him.

Hugh's expression was not that of a man hastening to welcome a friend. His glance was hard and unpropitious. His lips were set very firm. He looked like a man intent on speaking his mind, on getting a disagreeable business settled for ever.

The man at the table might have been eight or ten years his junior, a good-looking, clean-shaven youth in lounge clothes.

"I say, Hugh, it's awfully good of you to turn up. I'm tremendously sorry to trouble you," he cried.

"What is it you want?" Hugh demanded as he sat down.

"Have some tea, won't you?"

"What do you want?"

"But, I say, you must have some tea. They don't run this place as a rendezvous. Another pot, miss, please. . . I wrote and told you what I wanted."

"Well? Why do you want to see me?"

"I thought I'd put the matter rather crudely, that's all. I'm a perfect duffer at letter writing when I'm in a hurry. I thought those shagging lads had no idea they'd drop like a sack of coals."

"You had no business to buy those shares."

"You said yourself it was a good company, Hugh."

"When you asked me you did not tell me you were thinking of buying its shares. It's a good enough company—for those who can afford to wait."

"But I'll make over the shares to you. And so you won't be out of pocket, Hugh."

"I can't afford to collect shares—even by proxy. You are a thundering fool, Lucy!"

Lucien Banks smiled deprecatingly.

"I know," he admitted. "And you are most awfully generous. You've been a perfect brick, Hugh."

"I can afford to be a perfect brick no longer."

"I'm sorry," Hugh said, "I've got into all that with you before. It was one thing to give you subs while I had no responsibilities. It's quite a different matter now. You've got to go on your own now, Lucy."

"I know," he admitted. "And you let me have that hundred I can manage it on my head. Those shares."

"Both the shares! Here's the cheque. I was going to give it to you when you rang up. What you brought me here for I can't think."

"I say, Hugh, it's most awfully good of you. What I should have done without you—"

"You'd have been earning your living by now," Lucien said, "rapping out Hugh. I was a fool, and worse, to put you into a line for which you are obviously unfitted. Well, you've got to make the best of it. Largely, it's your own fault."

"You've been a perfect brick no longer," Hugh said. "There was plenty of time for you to tell me about you. Now I want to see some fulfilment. You've had your chance. You've got it still. Take it." Hugh reached for his hat.

"I must be off," he said. "If you are proud of your own time I wish you'd be more careful of other people's."

"But, Hugh, what about that tea? It will be here in a moment."

"Never mind the tea. Now, remember, Lucy, you've got to go on your own from now on. I'm not a rich man, but if I were I could put my money to better uses than sending it to you. I don't want to be hard on you, but here the matter ends."

The other put the cheque in his pocket and nodded agreeably.

"Right you are! I hate sponging, Hugh. Here's your cheque."

"Rosalie? Very well."

"Good. I saw her the other night—at Four niers." By Jove, Hugh, she looked thunderingly proud.

Hugh did not reply. It offended his taste to hear Lucien Banks' praise of his wife's good looks. He had come to dislike this impetuous relative, whose initial success at Oxford had led him to believe that there was a career before him. He had wasted his money on Lucien. Better for the youth and better for himself if he had not had him sent to the Bar. It had turned out to be a bottomless vessel, into which Hugh dropped his cheques without effecting any result.

"I'm off, Lucy. You needn't thank me again. The only thing I want is to see more application when I advise you to bestir yourself, because—the account is closed."

"I understand. If I'm not Lord Chancellor before the year's out it won't be my fault, Hugh."

Lucien Banks laughed. Hugh nodded gloomily. And so they parted.

"He doesn't believe I mean it," thought Hugh, as he strode back to Northbury Park; "but I do. I've made an awful mistake over that young fool."

COLUMBINE.

HUGH GRIEVE put the meeting with Lucien Banks out of his thoughts. It had been sheer waste of time. Time he could have spared from getting ready for the journey, but there was no use fretting. If he had convinced Banks that his patronage was at an end, the meeting in the teahouse had not been in vain.

This minor voyage was driven out by fresh thoughts of Rosalie. He wondered if she would have returned to the Vicarage before him, and, if so, would she be in a more amenable mood? The quarrel had jarred his whole nervous system. It made him profoundly miserable. It gave him a glimpse of what life would be like without the friendship of Rosalie, and the prospect terrified him.

For a moment or two he wondered if their quarrel had come as a warning to him not to allow his life to be bound up too closely with that of another human being. There were those in his Church who favoured celibacy. Was it true that a man cannot share his love between a woman and a cause? Hugh knew in his heart that without Rosalie and her love all that was worth living for to him would pass out of his life.

A great tenderness swept over him. Bitterly he blamed himself for his attitude of the afternoon. He had issued commands when he ought to have issued appeals. He had shown no sympathy for Rosalie's youth and love of glory. He had been hard and peremptory. He had been intolerably rude. He had goaded her into unthinking anger. It had been all his fault.

He determined to make what amends he could. He would go to her, humbly begging to be forgiven. He would ask her, out of her love for him, to forget all that he had said. He would beg to be allowed to try again.

He had forgotten the cause of the quarrel. The ball had passed clean out of his memory. Enough for him that he should be ready to confess his fault. It did not occur to him that he might have to forego his point of view.

The vicarage drawing-room was empty when he entered it. Again Hugh had to inquire of the servant. Mrs. Grieve, he was told, was in her bedroom.

Hugh went upstairs. He felt supremely nervous. So much depended on the success of his abasement.

He had to knock twice at the bedroom door ere a voice cried: "Come in!"

He opened the door. On the threshold of the room he stood amazed.

Before a pier-glass and with the light from several electric lamps directly upon her stood Rosalie. But a Rosalie whom he scarcely recognised.

She had put on the fancy costume of a Columbine. The skirt reached scarcely to her knees. The bodice was more than usually décolleté. It was suspended from her gleaming shoulders by two slender silver cords. The dress was entirely black, and her skin shone against it white as ivory. A red rose was in her hair.

"Rosalie! What on earth. . ."

She wheeled round, miraculously on her toes, a very spry. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were bright with self-approval.

"Hugh! I thought you had gone out."

"I've been out. What have you—dressed up like this for?"

"Don't you like it?" she smiled at him.

Hugh could not say that he did not like it. On a stage he would have thought Rosalie utterly adorable.

"You look—splendid!" he said, slowly. "But what's it for? What are you going to do?"

"This is a Columbine's costume. I got it this afternoon from Dora Bettison. Just a loan of it, of course."

"A loan of it. What for?"

"The ball." She turned to the glass again, and her fingers worked nervously with her hair.

"The ball! I thought we had come to a decision about the ball," he spoke harshly.

"In a way, yes." She tried to speak lightly.

"You said you couldn't afford it. Well, all that has been arranged."

"Do you mean to tell me the Bettisons are paying? If you think I'd allow that—" he began, hotly.

"No. In a way, nobody is paying. Mr. Wynne," Rosalie spoke quickly, "was rushed into buying two tickets. He sent them both to me. He can't use them himself. If I don't use one I'll be wasted."

Mr. Wynne! Hugh flushed scarlet and with shame. He was ashamed of Rosalie—ashamed of his wife.

Yes. The Bettisons have lent me this costume. There will be absolutely no exposure beyond a cab. So your objection is overcome, isn't it, Hugh?"

(Continued on page 11.)

A HAPPY CHILD IN A FEW HOURS!

When Cross, Constipated, or if Feverish, give "California Syrup of Figs," Then Don't Worry.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become tightly packed, and then the liver gets sluggish and the stomach disordered.



When cross, feverish, restless, see if the tongue is coated; then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it cannot cause injury. No matter what ails your little one—if "stuffy" with a cold or a sore throat, or diarrhoea, stomach-ache, and tainted breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. (Advt.)

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Viscount Valentia.

land, the father of the first viscount having taken a lion's share in suppressing an Irish rebellion during the reign of Good Queen Bess.

The Victor.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, the victor at East Hertfordshire, might be described as a young man in a hurry. He has a gift of compelling speech and is very original in his election methods. Throughout his two election fights he has had the help of his devoted wife, who has done wonderful work on his behalf.

Straight Hits Count.

I listened to almost all his election speeches and was much impressed with his slashing, straight-hitting style. Mr. Pemberton Billing could become a popular speaker wielding great influence. I shall be interested to see whether he "makes good" in the more frigid atmosphere of the "House." I prophesy he will stir things up.

Not Working.

Why is our air policy like the idle rich?
Answer: Neither works.

The Appeals.

Could a better president for the London Appeal Tribunal have been found than Mr. Donald Maclean, M.P.? The first sitting takes place on Monday, when it is hoped by the classification of cases and simple procedure to deal expeditiously with the numerous appeals from the decisions of the local tribunals.

Plenty of Experience.

As Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means and therefore Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Maclean knows what it is to listen to both sides of a question. And after having practised as a solicitor for nearly thirty years in Cardiff and London, he is well able to judge the veracity of a witness from long experience.

Lord French in the Witness-Box.

I was in court when Lord French was giving evidence, and everybody was anxious to have a good look at the famous man. His lordship looked very well—rather stouter and very ruddy in the face, a fact which his white moustache served to enhance. He gave his evidence in a low but very distinct and clear-cut voice, and looked every inch a soldier.

Queen's Wedding Gift.

The Queen of Spain has sent a diamond drop pendant as a wedding gift to Miss Kathleen Fetherstonhaugh, who is to be married to-day to Captain H. Fordyce Birch. Princess Henry of Battenberg has given the bride a silver-mounted pincushion. The bride is the daughter of General Fetherstonhaugh.

A Royal Guest.

Princess Henry of Battenberg is expected to be present at the ceremony, which will be extremely quiet owing to deep mourning in the bride's family, and will take place at the Parish Church, Brompton. Only immediate relations will be present.

Wild Dash of the "Tabbed."

One o'clock in the afternoon in Whitehall always provides me with entertaining sights. I like to see the wild dash of red-tabbed staff officers hurrying for luncheon. They are very human—are the "brains of the Army," and when they dash into the United Services it is almost like an old-time football match in Wales.

Barrie Secrets.

Sir James Barrie and Mr. Gerald du Maurier were looking very earnest and thoughtful when lunching at the Queen's Hotel the other morning; and their ardent discussions may portend something exciting for the new Wyndham's play. I have gathered that the orchestra will be considerably enlarged for the production.

King Albert's Sword.

The sword of honour presented to King Albert of Belgium by public subscription in France has been placed under a glass case at the Petit Palais in Paris. This weapon, purchased by the pennies of the French school-children, will stand there until the Germans have been driven from Belgium, when Paris hopes that the hero King will come to visit them and sheathe the naked blade when he receives it from their hands.

A Spanish Novel.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, I learn, is now in Spain, and writing a new novel. I hope it will be another "Four Feathers." By the way, Mr. Mason reads all his contemporaries. I remember noticing on the bookshelves at his flat in Stratton-street novels by Kipling, Hichens, Wells and a host of other popular writers.

The Lucky Bag.

Someone remarked to me the other day of Mr. Herbert Jay that he was the luckiest manager of the day, for he had the only force and the only drama in London, "Fluff" and "Tiger's Cub." Mr. Jay is not likely to rest content with two plays, and I hear he is preparing to launch another of his discoveries before long.

Her New Song.

Mlle. Delysia has certainly justified, by her superb rendering of "Le Reve Passe," Mr. Cochran's oft-repeated claim that she was the possessor of great dramatic power. Nothing more stirring has been heard in a London



Mlle. Delysia.

theatre for a long time. Real tears course down the singer's cheeks, and the audience is always deeply affected until she reaches the joyous finale of her song; then there is a veritable outburst of enthusiasm.

When the Huns Were Happy.

Mlle. Dorziat, who will appear in "Disraeli," tells me her native place is Epervay, in Champagne, and while she was in America the Germans held the place for nine days, during which time they had 10,000 bottles of champagne from her uncle, who is the head of a champagne firm. The wine kept them quiet for a while, then the battle of the Marne made it necessary for them to flee.

Sir A. Mond's "Bag."

I was not a little surprised to find at Christie's yesterday a good deal of the animation of pre-war days. A few modern and ultra-modern—pictures and drawings from the collection of Mme. Blanche Marchesi were the chief attraction, and the prices realised would have been considered satisfactory even two years ago. Sir Alfred Mond managed to "bag" a Conder fan and two drawings by Augustus John.

Ordeal by Sale.

Modern artists have every reason to be satisfied by the prices realised yesterday. A small and by no means masterly Conder painting went for 230 guineas, and 430 guineas was given for a little picture of "Nasturtiums in a Glass Vase," by Fantin-Latour. Mr. John, that wayward modern genius, passed triumphantly through the saleroom ordeal.

A Question That Requires an Answer.

What will happen in the case of an employee who, having been "exempted" by the military tribunal on account of his "indispensability," hands in his resignation because the employer will not give an increase in wages? Will the employer be called up to explain why he is parting with an "indispensable" man?

Did Not Understand Money.

Life did not deal kindly with Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. A very wealthy man, he was greatly interested in literature and art, and in the opinion of many judges his books will live for many a year. Nevertheless, through bad advice he lost practically all his money, and during the last few years he was a comparatively poor man.

Five Dukes as Nephews.

I occasionally saw Lord Ronald when at Tunbridge Wells, and always found him delightful to talk to and a very patient listener. He had been looking forward to this year's Shakespeare celebrations, and had been invited to write a series of articles by an American publishing firm. Himself a son of the second Duke of Sutherland, he was the uncle of five other dukes, including the Duke of Westminster.

Australia at Verdun?

There has been some interest excited by the report that an Australian siege train has been helping Joffre in the defence of Verdun. I know the men concerned; they are the garrison artillery of Australia, the only professional soldiers of the Commonwealth.

Six Hundred Giants.

Not very long ago I saw them on parade—600 giants all within half an inch of 6ft. 2in. on one side or the other. They were easily the finest-looking body of big men I have ever seen.

As a Man.

Miss Hetty King has been telling me of a bet she won last time she was appearing in New York. After the play a king of commerce criticised her male make-up, saying it might pass muster on the stage, but would be "spotted" in the streets. The upshot was a substantial bet. "Next day," said Miss King, "I rode through all the main avenues and in Central Park in a man's riding suit, and never once was challenged. I won't tell you how much I won."

A Star Concert.

Lady Glenconner, the Hon. Mrs. Henry McLaren and Mrs. Colfax have arranged a wonderful concert to take place on March 31, at which there is a galaxy of well-known and favourite artists. Mrs. Otto Beck is lending her spacious house, 49, Belgrave-square, for the event, and as it is the largest and most imposing mansion in the square there will be no excuse for not going to the concert and thereby helping the Star and Garter Building Fund.

Lady Glenconner.

A Comedian on Zeppos.

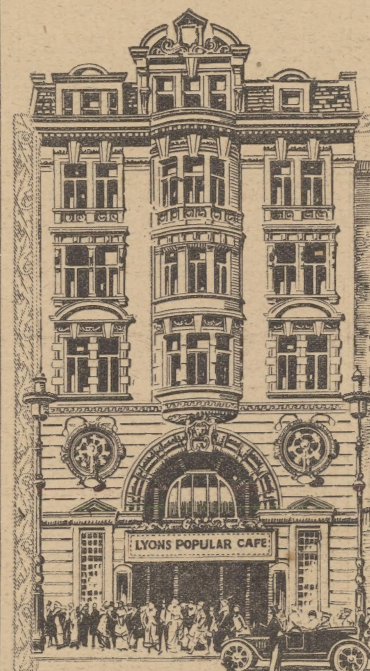
Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, the American star comedian, who will play in "Mr. Manhattan," is amusing on Zeppelins. He believes in the efficiency of English authorities, and says if the Zeppelins went to America and dropped bombs at once an anti-Zepp league would be formed and all the politicians and "big bugs" would harangue the citizens, and add possibly after about three months of talk they might buy an anti-aircraft gun.

Case of Necessity.

Little Eric had obtained from mother, by means of exhaustive questions, the information that missionaries always went to heaven and that cannibals never did. "But, mother," persisted the dear little fellow, "if a cannibal eats a missionary the cannibal will have to go then, won't he?"

Black Flunkys.

I notice that the rumour that many people were replacing their footman with a "colourable imitation" in the shape of a black, seems to be a baseless one. The black men are picturesque, anyway, as the painter Hogarth demonstrated, and form a fine background for a fair complexion! They may arrive yet. I'm thinking. THE RAMBLER.



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 GIRARD, GINA PALEME. Varieties at 8. MAT.
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THE Coming German Famine: By Francis Gribble, in the "Sunday Pictorial."

MR. BILLING'S ESCORT. *P 4100 B*



The new air M.P. returning to his hotel after the declaration of the poll at Hertford yesterday. Walking with him is a naval friend.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MORE WAR. *P 945*



Dr. Rosen



Mr. Paes.

Dr. Rosen, the German envoy in Lisbon, has demanded his passports, and Mr. Sidonio Paes, the Portuguese Minister in Berlin, has been given his. The two countries are at war.

GIFT OF AMBULANCES. *P 4162*



Queen Alexandra yesterday handed over four motor-ambulances to the Russian Red Cross on behalf of the Wounded Allies' Relief Committee.—(Mendoza Galleries.)

DIME BATTLESHIP. *P 18724*



Marjorie Sterett, who organised the dime collection among schoolchildren towards the building of a new American Dreadnought.

900 RUNNERS IN MILITARY ST. LEGER AT DONCASTER. *P 4188 Jt*



Sixty teams competed in the six-mile military company team championship, which was held on the famous racecourse.

ACTRESS'S PUTTEES.



Miss Miriam Peake, the actress, sought assistance from a sergeant when her silk puttees were rebellious.

BANDAGES FOR THE WOUNDED.



Lady Lane (right), wife of Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the eminent surgeon, in the bandage room, Burlington House.—(Kate Pragnell.)